

Mr. MURPHY, of Wharton township, were accepted at a meeting of the Uniontown school board last evening.

FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES

FROM THE PLAY

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He only looked and his eyes suddenly were suffused with tears. His hands dropped again. The same inertia as before overcame him. He started back toward her, tottered and fell headlong to the floor.

The terror-stricken wife stooped and caught his head in her hands, showering it with kisses.

"Bob! Bob! Speak to me!" she cried.

She pressed open his eyelids, her own tears mingling with his, while Dick, with more practical mind, forced brandy through his lips and sent her to the kitchen for ice. They packed the broken ice about his head and chafed his hands, but in vain. He gave no sign of returning consciousness.

The physician lived only a few doors away and in a few minutes, having been summarily aroused by Dick, he was bending over his neighbor's side.

"A nervous collapse," he said solemnly. He administered a stimulant and administered some of it. "Get some of this into him every 15 minutes and he'll come around. His heart action is good," he added, bending an ear to Reynolds' chest. "It's only a question of time—minutes, maybe hours, but there is no immediate danger. Come," he finished curtly, addressing Dick. "We'll carry him up to his room."

Jane followed and, weeping silently, helped to get her husband into bed. The doctor, like all others, assured that there was no pressing peril, prepared to resume his broken rest, but Jane would not let him go. He sat down resignedly, feeling of the doctor's pulse and from time to time administering the stimulant as he had directed. At last Reynolds' lips parted and he started weakly about. He looked vacantly at the doctor, but as Jane knelt and pressed her lips to his forehead, he recognized her and spoke her name.

"That's all," the physician said as he arose. "Never mind the medicine now. I'll send a nurse in the morning. Your husband needs a rest, Mrs. Reynolds—a good one. As soon as he is up get him away from business, and—"

He looked significantly at Dick, who nodded a knowing assent. Then he made him good night.

Reynolds' hand clasped in his wife's, lay quiet, speaking softly now and then to assure her of his consciousness, and then weakly indicated that he would like to sleep.

"I'll bunk on the divan in Bob's den," Dick told Jane. "You're all right, old man. I know," he said, bending over his friend. "You want what the doctor ordered—rest, and you want it now."

He slipped out and left them alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Six Hundred Dead—And One!

The days that followed Bob's collapse were the happiest he had known for over a year. Jane's tender nature and her deep rooted love for her husband asserted itself in a thousand ways.

Reynolds was by nature a physical giant. He had narrowly escaped a severe attack of brain fever, but through the skillful attending of the morphine and the soothing influence of his wife's presence he rallied rapidly. For nearly a week after the night he had succumbed neither made any reference to the cause of the collapse.

One day when the patient seemed stronger than usual Jane was seated at the bedside with his hand in hers.

"Bob," she said suddenly, "I haven't said a word to you about—about what happened that night. I've just wanted you to forget it, dearest, and get strong and get like your old, good self. But I know you are better now and that you'll be better still when I tell you what I've planned—Dick and I. Mr. Brand's died everything at the bank and as soon as you are able we're going back to Staten Island and live with Dick and his mother in the bungalow. Won't that be fine?"

"God bless you, my dear," was all he said.

"But, Bob," she cried, "aren't you afraid? Aren't you glad it's all over and that we can start again just like we were? Will never see the Brand's again? Fearful? I know I was wrong; wrong all the time!"

She looked at him now through mist-filled eyes.

"Oh, you don't know how I've suffered," she cried softly. "I've thought it over night after night here at your side and I just want to wipe the last year out of our lives and begin all over. We can; I know we can. Can't we?"

He drew her head down to his and kissed her. He could not bear to cast a shadow over the bright light of her optimism, but in his heart he knew that could not share it.

"Wait till I'm up, Jane," he said. "We'll decide on something. Let us hope that it will come out all right—at least, for you."

"For me," she exclaimed. "Don't hope for me, Bob. I will do anything in this world you want me to; anything that you do. Whatever comes it will come to us alike."

He closed his eyes and sank back on the pillow. He was not strong enough to answer her or to reason for himself just what the future held for him.

Jane saw that he was exhausted

The morphine brought those spells of inertia and collapse. She kissed him softly and slipped out of the room.

The following day Reynolds was able to get up and the next he went downstairs. He was much stronger now and though he felt no relief from the melancholy depression that oppressed him he had regained a physical poise that let him see things in their true light. Jane talked again of her plans and he let her rehearse them without a challenge. He could find no plausible fault with them. If Brand had paid the overdraft he was freed from imminent danger and there was nothing for him to do but realize such money as he could on the house and go back to Staten Island or take Jane and go away. He had not decided definitely on that. They were expecting Dick that afternoon and he intended to talk it over with them.

The vital spark of ambition had burned itself very low for Reynolds. Shortly after luncheon Dick came and Jane greeted him with the joyousness of a child. His sincere encouragement and his cheerful way of endeavoring to lift those terrible days from the depths completely and she had come to regard his presence and his promises as the salvation of both her husband and herself.

But today Dick's optimism seemed strangely dormant. His response to her glad greeting was half-hearted and when she enthusiastically broached the plans that the reporter himself had suggested, he made no reply. He made selfless inquiries after Bob's health and perched in them, alternately jangling the door and sitting, clutching now and then at a newspaper in his pocket.

His nervousness and distraction puzzled Jane, but for once her womanly intuition failed her. In her eagerness to restore her husband to the plane of her own renewed hopefulness she tried to force his visitor into a conversation about the bungalow and their future there, until Dick, unable to contain himself longer, wheeled and faced them. He jerked the paper from his pocket, concealing the front of it toward his chest.

"You are sure you're fit—Bob?" he asked breathlessly. "Able to hear anything I say and act quickly?"

Reynolds, who had watched his friend closely from the moment of his entrance, had detected what Jane had not. "Something—he knew not what—had happened; something that nagged no good. He read the import of Reynolds' constant questioning about the strength and braced himself accordingly.

"Bob—Jane—Jane—Jane!" he cried brokenly. "The Lusitania sailed on the 11th of May morning. I have your tickets here—you must catch the boat without fail—and go under assumed names."

With a wild, frightened look Jane got to her feet and her husband pale but more contained, did likewise.

"What is it, Dick?" he asked hoarsely.

By "Leave America—a damned name!" Reynolds said.

"For God's sake speak out. Don't keep a man in misery!"

"Well, then, it's worse than misery. Bob! It's hell! The Lusitania went under at two o'clock this afternoon!"

He thrust the paper with its daring headlines before their faces. With Jane swaying and clinging to her husband for support they read:

HUNDREDS DEAD!

Pecos River Dam Goes Out Sweeping All Before It!

Six Hundred Persons Caught in the Raging Torrent Are Drowned Like Fish in the Narrow Valley.

MOST OF THE VICTIMS WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Inferior Construction Charged and Rigid Inquiry by Both State and Federal Authorities to Begin at Once.

As he finished the last of the screaming headlines Reynolds stood almost rigid with terror. Neither he nor Jane spoke a word. Dick, watching his friend for sign of physical collapse he dreaded, noted the look of terror as Bob's eyes left the paper and glanced at his. He constrained the dread alarm that glaucous conveyed as one of personal concern and hastened to offer such meager assurances as he could.

"There's no real report about the cargo yet, Bob," he said. "They merely say the work was not up to standard and by the time they find out where the real weakness was—the cement—you and Jane will be well away. You must be," he added quickly, as Reynolds raised a hand of dissent. "You can't think of anything else for quick and sufficient protection of—"

But Reynolds cut him off with another wave of his hand—this time a gesture for silence, imperative and impatient.

"How many are really dead?" he asked almost inaudibly and sank down on the divan with face buried in his hands.

"Probably a hundred or less, by the time the truth is sifted out," Dick answered. "You know reports of these things are always exaggerated in the newspapers. Not intentionally," he

continued, in quick defense of his calling. "But the suddenness and horror of any catastrophe always impressed the man who is sending the report with the look of a greater calamity than actually occurs. And there is always a propensity for overestimating rather than underestimating. Especially in floods. There are a hundred ways for escape that are never thought of—"

Again Reynolds interrupted him. "Men—women—and children—dead," he cried hoarsely. "Dead, and I killed them!"

He repeated the accusation over and over. There was no thought of the personal penalty he faced. Truly Dick had misunderstood the appeal of that pitiful look, one that would rend the heart of the coldest man. For Reynolds was not utterly unprepared for this terrible culmination of his sin.

Twice in his dreams the terrible phantasm of such a scene had come and then, as now, it had brought no thought of self-peril, but realization of the awful effect of his transgression.

To Jane the announcement of the disaster brought not only shock, but sickening fear, and womanlike, her first thought was self-preservation.

She staggered up from the divan where she had sunk beside her husband and stood wringing her hands in a hysterical way while from lips that were dry and parched, she whispered:

"I'll pack the things, Bob. We should get away—away—now. Every moment is precious."

She looked appealingly at the reporter as if urging confirmation of her fears, and he was not slow in seconding them.

"She's right, Bob," he warned briskly. "The telephone may ring or someone may come any minute. Come, old man, brace up for your own sake and for Jane's. What's done can't be undone now and the thing for you to do is to get quickly for the protection of all. Come," he repeated and pulled gently at his friend's coat sleeve. But Reynolds sat immobile with face still pressed between his hands and through them, ravu like, he moaned:

"Men—women—and—children—"



"You Must Catch the Boat Without Fail!"

Dead. Oh, my God!—And I killed them!"

The stupor and apparent helplessness of her husband aroused Jane now to acute realization of their peril and the need of immediate action in which the most take the lead. She stole softly behind the divan and bending over, drew Bob's hands away from his face. With infinite tenderness she pressed her own hands against his temples and held him there as if she hoped the touch of them would end the wild throbbing of his brain. She coaxed and petted him as one might a suffering child.

"Bob, dear," she cried softly, "come. Do as Dick says. You know we must get away. There's no other way now. I love you, dear, and I want the chance to show it to begin all over; to convince you that you didn't marry just a grasping, worldly woman, but what you thought you did—a woman who can love and make you happy."

A sudden clanging at the doorbell startled them and put an end to Jane's soft persuasions. It rattled even Reynolds from his lethargic grief. He glanced up with the others, but his look was one of quiet resignation.

"It's too late," was all he said and started toward the door. But the reporter seized his arm and pulled him back.

"Let me answer it," he warned. "You and Jane keep your nerve and say nothing."

Dick, braced for most any emergency, from crossing with some colleague of former newspaper days, to laying his sunset blandishments at the feet of an omniscent detective, smiled in spite of himself as the opening door admitted Brand; Brand hurried and worried, and bent as the reporter well knew, on the same mission as himself—to get the Reynolds with all possible speed out of the reach of the law. But the millionaire, seeking only his own protection, misread the purpose of Brand's visit. He glowered at the reporter. His look was a mingling of vindictiveness, concern and infinite disgust.

"Good Lord, you here already," he cried. "You'd have to clear out while I have a word with Reynolds. There's no time for your chatter now. You,



"You're Past Arguing With."

know what's happened, Reynolds?"

He pushed past the reporter and stood confronting Bob.

"Yes, I know and he knows, Brand. Once again there's no need for him to leave. I've told you before that I'd trust Meade before I would you, so either he stays or you go. There's your choice."

The millionaire burst a venomous look at Dick, and turned again to Reynolds.

"All right," he exclaimed impatiently. "You're past arguing with. Time's precious and I won't attempt it. We've got 24 hours to get ready for what's going to happen and if we act instead of talk will beat them to it. There's hell to pay. You can count on that. The thing crumbled like dust. They say the first reports were exaggerated, but I know the situation in that valley and the probability is it'll be worse."

"And you said it would last a hundred years," Jane interrupted, humbly.

Brand gave her a withering glance. "I'm not here to argue what I said or what I didn't say. I'm here to get us out of the consequences of what has happened. They've never had such high water in the history of the country and the dam would have stood everything that was asked of it under ordinary circumstances. Luck broke against us, that's all. Now you two have got to get out of the country and you've got to get out quick. That's the first thing."

Something in the quiet look of the man he addressed nettled Brand and the words that followed upset him more.

"So you've come to run me away?" said Reynolds. "Criminal first and fugitive afterwards. That's the only solution you see to it, is it?"

"Of course, it's the only solution. You've got to save yourself and your wife, too. It'll be all right. Every wheel's been started to offset the engineers' reports. I'll handle them all right, but they mustn't get hold of you. Not now, anyway. You're not safe. Afterwards things will adjust themselves and you can come back. But the first big move is to get you away."

For the first time since his acquaintance with Brand, Meade felt that he could honestly second one of the millionaire's arguments. His words nearly took Brand off his feet, for he had feared more than anything else the conscientious scruples of this young genius and their probable effect on the man who stood between him and safety.

"Brand is right this time, Bob," said the reporter hastily. "I have arranged for all that. I have an address on the Lusitania. I've got their tickets and they can call on the Lusitania at one o'clock in the morning."

"Well, I'm a fool. If you haven't got some sense after all," he complimented. Then he faced quickly again towards Reynolds. "I've brought you a letter of credit and some ready money. Where the letter of credit came from nobody knows and nobody will know. As soon as you get to England, if nothing stops you, go to Belgium. There's an address on this letter where I'll communicate with you at Brussels. Don't worry. You'll slip through like an eel."

He turned again to Dick. "If you've got the transportation and sailing arranged, that's fine. I want to get out of here now and don't want anyone to know I was here tonight. Brace up, Reynolds, and you, too, Mrs. Reynolds. Keep your heads up and take it easy. That's all, I guess."

He put out his hand with the letter but Reynolds raised his in dissent.

"Wait a minute," he said quietly. "That isn't all. I thank you, Brand, for your collection care for me. He emphasized the word noticeably. "But I have been doing some thinking of my own in the last half hour and my plans don't seem to go on at all where yours leave off. It might interest you to know, before you go, that I am going to stay right here and tell the truth from first to last—from the time you came to Staten Island, until Mrs. Reynolds received a letter from you the other day showing that you had voluntarily squared a criminal transaction for me at the bank."

As he finished Bob's fist came down on the little center table and almost shattered it. There was the vigor and determination that Brand had had to respect once before when he had loomed his will on a more glibly recalcitrant. But now, in this crisis, he had not even considered the chance of opposition to his will. First astonished, then thoughtful, his cold features now revealed their old cunning.

"You play the game big, Reynolds," he said at last. "Either this is a holdup right, or you have gone clear crazy."

"All right. Rave all you want to Brand. It can't do any harm now. I told you last week there were two ways to get out of it all: One was money and the other was to make a clean breast of it. One can't have all he wants all the time. You had your chance ten days ago and you threw it away. I gave you my terms and you took advantage of my helplessness and ignored them. You stayed away; and paid that paltry \$10,000 at the bank. You thought you would frighten my wife; that your magnanimity in releasing us from immediate peril would impress her and that in the end she would welcome the release you offered. Well, you succeeded with her, but not with me. For her sake I was almost inclined to let matters drop, but this terrible affair has changed it all. We have taken human life, and a lot of it, and some one has got to pay, so if anyone is going to take the Lusitania, you're the man who had better hurry and pack his grip."

Brand stopped quickly to Reynolds, a tower of indignant rage. Trapped or cornered he was always Brand; always ready to put his back to the wall and fight—in the open if he couldn't fight from ambush. Bearded and almost beaten now, he quivered in his wrath and shook a threatening fist straight in Reynolds' face.

"You're a big, blasted baby and an imbecile!" he cried. "You play the quitter now and I'll make you regret it to the last day of your life. I'll fight and I'll win as I always have. You can't keep a man with money in jail. Those three words can't be grouped in the same language! But what's the use of talking?" he added disgustedly.

"You can't lay down now if you want to. You haven't got the nerve to send that girl there to the penitentiary for six or eight or ten years, to come out a broken woman—not enough of her left to suggest who she was. Do you know what prison does to men, Reynolds? Brakes 'em—body, mind and

soul! Well, what will it do to a woman, then? To your wife? For it was she who goes with us. I've told you that and I mean it. So I guess my bluff's about as strong as yours."

He turned partly to Dick and, as if to clinch his threat, added:

"And I'm not sure but that our virtuous friend here will be keeping us company. That's law and you know it."

"Bob," cried his wife, creeping to his side and cuddling against him as if she saw in Brand some hybrid monster whom she really feared. "I'll go. Anything you say, dear! I'm not afraid."

"I'm not afraid," she repeated, in obvious contradiction to her courageous stand, she nestled closer to his side.

"You've got to think of your wife, Reynolds," Brand urged, "even if you don't of yourself. The thing's done—you can't undo it. Besides, we believed the dam was strong enough. Only the most extraordinary conditions brought about its collapse. That lets us out. If we get sensibly we'll come good and clear."

But hope of immunity such as could be bought with Brand's power was not Reynolds' goal and the millionaire's expectations on the possibility of it served only to irritate him the more.

"Money and lawyers and pull won't square murder, Brand," he said contemptuously. "and that's just what we committed. We have killed men, women and children for a few dirty dollars to which we had no right and some one has got to pay."

"My God!" the millionaire exclaimed impatiently. "You'd preach your life and liberty away—and that of your wife, too—for the sake of hearing yourself talk. Men—women—and—children—a handful of Dagues and Polacks that the world's better off without. A few brains who couldn't fill a useful position if they did live to be men and women. How do you know it wasn't an act of God? He brought the water there, I didn't. But that's enough. I want to know what you're going to do? If you're going to talk I want to get ready for you. Now come on. Do you go or do you lay down?"

Reynolds surveyed him coolly.

"I'll tell you, Brand, just what I'm going to do. Before you leave here tonight you'll have no doubt about your course, but now I want a word with my wife—alone. If you don't mind, you and Dick slip up to my den and I'll let you know when I'm ready. It'll be only a minute or two."

When they had gone he led her to the divan.

"Just a second, dear," he said tenderly. "I'll be right back and then

we'll talk it over for the final solution."

As he passed into the adjoining room the telephone rang and Jane went to it apprehensive of the worst. It was a news association inquiring for Reynolds.

"He's not in," she faltered. "No, I don't know just when he will be. Going away? No, I think not. You will have to see him yourself. In the morning? Yes, that will be a good thing. Not tonight. That's all I can say. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver with a little gasp of relief. It had not been as bad as she had expected. But it was only a matter of time. She knew that. Already the newspapers had connected him with the catastrophe and there would be no end to the interviewing and dreadful questioning.

Brand returned and beside her he had heard a part of her talk over the phone and surmised the meaning of it, but he made no mention of it.

"Jane, dear," he said softly as he took her hand, "you have never been sorry you married me, have you?"

"Why, Bob," she replied startled, "what are you saying? You know I haven't and never could be."

"But, darling, I have made an awful mess of it—of our life, I mean, for no man could have asked for a better wife. I have always loved you more than anything in life. Perhaps—perhaps," he continued haltingly, "I have loved you too much—that is, too much for your own good. That is not impossible, you know Jane. Love is always, first, but there are times when we must temper it with reason and resolve. You must understand me, sweetheart, for after this I want you to know and feel that everything I've done and everything I do is for you."

Some strange note of fatality in his low tones alarmed her. Her startled eyes searched his and she pressed closer to his side.

"Why, even when you had taken a stand with Brand and I felt so—so, much on the outside," he went on, "I loved you as I never thought it was possible for a man to love a woman."

"I never felt that way, dear," she interrupted. "I mean, that I was standing with Brand. Bob, you know that, don't you?" she cried appealingly, and the tears of self-condemnation started from her eyes while she begged—almost demanded the explanation that she knew was not rightfully hers.

"Yes, I know it," he answered gently. "And you see, sweetheart, I was right when I said I was to blame. Just like No one else, I have been at fault since the first day back there in the bungalow when you and Mrs. Collins went to the matinee and came home with the now hat. I told you it didn't matter about the butcher—that everything would come out all right. Since that day we have been piling up these things—these crimes, dearest—yes, crimes. I knew it all the time. And I knew it as well as I know that I loved you, that something the day would come when we—when I—would have to settle. But I kept you in ignorance. I was afraid to spoil your happiness, afraid to tax your love, and I let things go on until now, out there in that valley, whole families—just as dear to each other as you and I—are gone—wiped out. I promised to protect you and all I have done is to lead you blindly from every decent thought—"

"No, no, Bob," she interrupted vehemently. "It was I who did the leading; not you. You simply followed me."

"But when a man does that, Jane, it is he who must pay the penalty. If there is one to pay, it should be arranged—the thing that he should lay upon. It has always been that way. His sin is his, if he makes no determined effort to right things, and I have not done that. Jane, dearest, I've decided on this. The time, has not come, nor will it ever come, when it will be right for you to ruin the rest of your life up—"

He stumbled for a word, for he could not bear to use the real one—guilt. "You must be spared the misery and degradation of that horrible thing and I've found a way out of it for both of us. I am going to take it and in time you will believe it was the only way. But always," he murmured, pressing her to him, "no matter where we are we'll always love each other—always."

"No matter where we are," she echoed, answering his look that seemed to penetrate her very soul. "No matter where we are? What do you mean, Bob? Are you going away and leave me?"

"Yes, darling. For a while at least, we must separate. I cannot bear to have you a fugitive, clinging about all corners of the earth with the fear of guilt in your heart and the dread of capture ever at your door. You must have liberty—a way to live your life out in all the sweetness that must come into it after all this suffering. And you will know that I am always with you, loving you and guarding you the best way God will let me."

The infinite tenderness of his voice now unheeded her completely so that, though she saw or felt some dire omen in his words, she was helpless to protest them. She sank into his arms and they were clasped together in one long passionate embrace.

The lights of the room dimmed before her eyes as their lips parted. She could scarcely see him as he gently drew away from her, and stepped lightly toward the telephone. He called a number that was strange and meaningless to her.

"Hello," he said, "police headquarters. Connect me with the Ninety-seventh, please. A please—'Hello! Ninety-seventh? Send a man to four—two—six Marion road—' Yes, immediately. It's a suicide."

For an instant she was stunned, but as she sprang toward him her cry of horror mingled with the report of a

pistol. She caught his arm as he fell and they sank to the floor together. But she was too late. Reynolds had paid the price and paid alone.

Dick cleared the last dozen steps from the first landing at a bound and Brand came stumbling after him. The reporter knelt quickly beside them.

"Is he gone?" the millionaire panted breathlessly.

The reporter's eyes swept over the lifeless body of his friend and his hand went lightly to his heart.

"Yes, he's dead," he answered softly. "I think he's been planning it a long time and—so knew just how."

"It was the best thing he could do," Brand said coolly. "The best for himself, for her—and—for me. Suicide's a confession, and that lets us out. I'm going to get out of here, Meade. Take care of the police and the papers. I'll be back in a minute. I'll be back in a minute."

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CZAR OF RUSSIA AND HIS TROOPS MOBILIZING



1-TYPE OF RUSSIAN INFANTRY
2-CZAR OF RUSSIA

At the time of the mobilization of the Russian army, the Czar and his family fled to the east. The Czar's family fled to the east. The Czar's family fled to the east.

Sports

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results

Team	Score
Philadelphia	4-1
Pittsburgh	1-0
Cincinnati	1-0
St. Louis	1-0
Chicago	1-0
San Francisco	1-0
Los Angeles	1-0
San Diego	1-0
Portland	1-0
Seattle	1-0
Portland	1-0
Seattle	1-0

Standing of the Clubs

Team	W	L	Pct
Philadelphia	11	4	.733
Pittsburgh	10	5	.667
Cincinnati	9	6	.600
St. Louis	8	7	.533
Chicago	7	8	.467
San Francisco	6	9	.400
Los Angeles	5	10	.333
San Diego	4	11	.267
Portland	3	12	.200
Seattle	2	13	.133

Today's Schedule

Team	Time
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh	2:15
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis	3:15
Chicago vs. San Francisco	4:15
Los Angeles vs. San Diego	5:15
Portland vs. Seattle	6:15

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results

Philadelphia	4-1
Pittsburgh	1-0
Cincinnati	1-0
St. Louis	1-0
Chicago	1-0
San Francisco	1-0
Los Angeles	1-0
San Diego	1-0
Portland	1-0
Seattle	1-0

Standing of the Clubs

Team	W	L	Pct
Philadelphia	11	4	.733
Pittsburgh	10	5	.667
Cincinnati	9	6	.600
St. Louis	8	7	.533
Chicago	7	8	.467
San Francisco	6	9	.400
Los Angeles	5	10	.333
San Diego	4	11	.267
Portland	3	12	.200
Seattle	2	13	.133

Today's Schedule

Team	Time
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh	2:15
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis	3:15
Chicago vs. San Francisco	4:15
Los Angeles vs. San Diego	5:15
Portland vs. Seattle	6:15

SOISSON THEATRE

THE HOUSE OF LILIES.
THIS AFTERNOON AND TONIGHT.

THE FAMOUS ACTOR
DUSTY FARNUM
IN THE SIX-REEL DRAMA
"THE SQUAW MAN"

THE TWO-REEL DRAMA
"RENUNCIATION"

THE ONE-ACT PLAYLET
"HER GRAVE MISTAKE"

THE JOKER COMEDY
"WILLY WALRUS AND THE AWFUL CONFESSION"

A SUPERB BILL - - - 5 AND 10 CENTS

Brewed from the choicest materials in that
Good Old German Way

Y O U G H

Indian Head

BEER

"It Hits the Spot"

WRIGHT-METZLER CO

STORE CLOSSES DAILY AT 5:30, SATURDAY'S 9 P. M.

A Distinction and Honor for Connellsville--the GATHERING OF FIRE FIGHTERS

From Many Counties in Western Pennsylvania
WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST 10th, 1914.

August 10th to 15th will be a week in Connellsville. The city will welcome more visitors than at any time since its Centennial celebration. It will be a week of big crowds, big attractions, music and merriment, flags and banners and hunting, feasts of skill and daring, parades of uniformed fire companies, band concerts, gay colors by day and bright lights at night--Convention Week in Connellsville.

As these visitors honor us, so must we honor them. When halloing for a 1911 convention city, Connellsville was an almost unobtainable choice. The fire bodies stood up as a live, hospitable town. We don't want to let them go away thinking any other town is better now do we?

Private homes and business houses will have to roll up their sleeves and dive into the work of decorating, replenishing, home needs, cleaning-up and dressing-up. Hotels may need new table linens, bedding and guest-room supplies. In all these things we want to freshen up their toilets, homes--those entertaining visitors--know what is most needed.

—and it's all here--personal wear to Home-things--
sound and stylish, varied and in big assort-
ments and lowest priced of the year.

IT'S TO EVERY MAN'S ADVANTAGE THAT

—All remaining summer suits are down to the lowest price-levels—12.75 to \$20 to \$30 grades; 9.75 for \$15 and under.

Sailor Straws are \$1 each for the \$2 to \$4 hats; and a table of less fresh straws are 15c each. Panama and Leghorn hats are one-third under the prices the season started with.

—Several hundred felt, silk and stiff hats are \$1 each. Earlier prices were to \$3.50.

—Boys' Suits, pants, straw and felt hats are at big savings.

—Boys' Wash Suits are down to half-price for all except the Oliver Twist Models—these one-fourth less.

—A splendid suit case, strong and attractive in appearance, sells for 1.65 instead of 2.50.

—And so on through all the Men's wear stocks of a summer sort. The advantage is not merely that of a lower than usual price—everything is of same-quality, stylish, new this season and usable for the balance of the season.

There's no advantage in waiting—daily the stocks grow smaller.

Attractively Priced Accessories of Dress and Such Things

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR EVERYBODY

Most people want plenty of handkerchiefs in the summer and it is easy to supply the want when such good pure linen silk and sheet lawn kerchiefs may be had for prices like these:

Material	Price
Crushed China	25c
Two-tone Kerchiefs with the	15c
Washed handkerchiefs of fine	10c
All linen Kerchiefs of fine	25c

THE ROYAL SOCIETY PACKAGES New For Fall.

Are shown and selling in the Art Needlework section on the second floor. The new packages contain novelties and ALL that's necessary to make them ready for use. That one can start work on for holiday giving. Also, there are things for personal wear, infants' clothes, guest-room decorative pieces, doll outfits, outer and underwear—all in smart styles, in new ideas, in excellent materials. We have fine had pieces showing how some of the things look when worked and in use.

NEW BELTS 50c to \$2. each

- Of White Kid, vest effect with change pockets 50c each
- Of black patent leather, some with a patent leather bow 50c to \$1.
- Of black patent leather combined with white kid bow \$1.
- Of Roman stripe silk, girdle-style. Many pretty patterns 1.75 up
- Kittie-effect girdles specially priced \$1.

(Dry Goods Store)

SILK GLOVES

50c to 1.75 a pair

- Short gloves of pure, long-wearing silk, Kayser made. Plain white and white with black stitching 50c to \$1 a pair
- Long gloves—12 B L in white only 75c pair, 16 B L in white, stitched with contrasting colors—black, tan or navy, \$1 and 1.75 a pair

(Dry Goods Store)

NEW BOOKS

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Lowest-in-Town-price.....1.08

- The Price of Love.
- Quick Action
- The League of the Leopard
- Kazan
- Pridgin Island
- Deane of the Green Van
- The After House
- The Heart's Country
- You Never Know Your Luck
- The SALAMANDER *
- Penrod
- Black is White
- The Poison Best
- The Victim
- Greater Love Hath No Man

*The greatest tale of book lately published

BOOKS AT 50c LAPSE OF COPYRIGHTS.

- The Hollow of Her Hand.
- Pilgrims of the Plains
- The Heart of Night Wind
- The Doctor's Lass
- Call of the Cumberlands
- Blue Anchor Inn *
- Flan
- Mirabel's Island
- Buttered Side Down

*A delightful story and out of the old navy

LOVELY DRESSES

SOME PRICED LESS THAN THE COST OF THE MATERIAL

At all times our stocks of plain and fine dresses are complete and varied to include high-class costumes of the newest style-type. As a whole, the Clearance priced garments are for house wear, street wear, dance party, church and vacation wear. The wonderful little prices are on new garments, style perfect and wear-perfect, fresh, crisp and lovely. No store has dresses of our strict utility to sell thus.

Evening Dresses	Silk Dresses	Silk Dresses	Silk Dresses
A small lot in good wear condition. Were \$70 \$80 \$7	1st quality and utility wear. Were \$12.00 to \$27	— finer dresses in lovely style. New! Were \$20.00 to \$12.75	1st quality dresses of dressy wear. Were \$20 to \$39.75
19.75	8.98	13.95	9.75

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY